fetch me weapons,and ſtand you all aſide.

*Cade.*Now ſword,if thou hewſt not this burly-boned churle into chines of beefe, I beſeech God thou maiſt fall into ſome ſmiths hand and be turnd into hobnailes.

Eyden Come on thy way. *They fight,and Cade fals downe.*

Cade Oh villain,thou haſt ſlaine the floure of Kent for chiualry, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thouſand diuels,& giue me but the ten meals that I wanted this fiue daies,and ile fight with you all, and ſo a pox rot thee, for Iacke Cade muſt die. *he dies.*

*Eyd.*Iack Cade,& was it that monſtrous rebell which I haue ſlain:oh ſword I honor thee for this,and in my chamber ſhalt thou hang as a monumēt to after age,for this great ſeruice thou haſt done to me,ile drag him hence,and with my ſword cut off his head and beare it with me. *exit*

Enter the Duke of Yorke with drum and ſouldiers.

Yorke In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring bells alowd,bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King:
Ah *ſancta Maieſta*,who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the duke of Buckingham.

But ſoft,who comes here? Buckingham,what news with him?

Buck Yorke,if thou meane wel,I greet thee ſo.

York Humphrey of Buckingham,welcome I ſweare,
What comeſt thou in loue,or as a meſſenger?

Bu. I come as a meſſenger from our dread lord & ſoueraign Henry,to know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,
Shouldſt thus approach ſo neare with colours ſpread,
Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe?

York A ſubiect as he is!
O how I hate theſe ſpightfull abiect termes,
But Yorke,diſſemble till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers ſight,
And farre hence I know they cannot be:
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham,pardon me,

That

That I anſwerd not at firſt,my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monſtrous rebell Cade,
And heaue prowd Somerſet from out the Court,
That baſely yeelded vp the townes in France.

Buc. Why that was preſumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwiſe but ſo,
The King doth pardon thee,and grants to thy requeſt,
And Somerſet is ſent vnto the Tower.

Yorke Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

Buc. Yorke,he is vpon mine honor.

Yorke Then before thy face,I here diſmiſſe my troupes,
Sirs,meete me to morrow in ſaint Georges fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your pay of me.

exeunt ſouldiers.

Buc. Come Yorke, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,
But ſee,his grace is comming to meete with vs.

enter King Henry.

King How now Buckingham,is Yorke friends with vs
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my lord, and hath diſcharged his troopes
Which came with him,but as your Grace did ſay,
To heaue the duke of Somerſet from hence,
And to ſubdue the rebells that were vp.

King Then welcome coſin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traitrous Iriſh that rebeld.

enter maiſter Eyden with Iacke Cades heād.

Eyden Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here(my Lord)vpon my bended knees,
I here preſent the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlew.

King Firſt,thankes to heauen, and next, to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that wicked traitor thus,
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight!
A viſage ſterne,cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,

H Prefa-

If thou dost not kee— peault Ais nt fun-